LETTERS OF AN EXILE....No. XIV.

Private Life of the Musulmans.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

ASIA MINOR, Wednesday, Aug. 20, 1851.

A few words more upon the uneducated Mussulmans, and the fatal consequences of their ignorance.

Utterly deprived of any means of communicating with the outward world, whether from books or from conversation, the Asiatic subjects of the Crescent know nothing of what happens at a few miles' distance from their own roof, and are hopelessly ignorant of the existence of science, art and industry. They have no idea of their inferiority to other nations, and I was more than once asked if, in my country, we knew how to plant corn and gather hay. When I tried to show them some more simple and appropriate way of executing their fatiguing tasks, they wondered at my interference, and smiled rather good-naturedly at me, as if to say: "You are a well meaning person, and we are not vexed with you for your trouble, but be assured we know much better."

Nations progress in civilization as if they were members of one single individual, helping each other, with each other's strength and gifts, so that the steps once traced by one have no need of being repeated by the other. But the Ottoman Empire has no share in that providential partnership; what is discovered, tried and perfected in the rest of the world, is unknown to it, and to keep its place upon the same platform with its civilized neighbors, it ought to possess in itself the whole mass of talent, activity, wisdom and perseverance which is distributed among the other inhabitants of the world. That such is not the case needs no demonstration.

But the consequence of such utter ignorance is not limited to the most absolute incapacity to proceed in the path of civilization; it has a morbid and deleterious effect upon the moral faculties of the Osmanli. A stranger to art and industry, unmoved even by curiosity, since he is ignorant that there are things worth knowing, his life is but the waking dream of a half-alive intelligence.

Asia-Minor is formed of many successive wildernesses, only enlivened (if it can be called enlivening) by here and there a wretched abode containing soldiers that the vigilance of the Government destines to the security of travelers, or by some still more miserable cabins in which whole families reside. In each hut one dirty kennel is occupied by the women; another still dirtier by the men. But of the wretchedness of Turkish abodes I will speak later; and, besides, what is the want of every material comfort, to the dreariness resulting from intellectual darkness?

These, of course, are country families, and live upon the fruits of the soil; but such fruits are scanty, though easily obtained. Some gruel and straw for their horses and cows; some gruel, salad and melons for themselves; two or three hours' work a day during four or five weeks every year are sufficient to extract all they require, from one of the richest soils in the world. The soldiers, dispersed through the valleys and the mountains, are still more unoccupied. When a caravan passes, or a few solitary travelers, one, two or three of the *Zapptes* start from their couches, light the matches of their carbines, and escort the travelers through that part of the road which is reported dangerous. They get a few *piastres*, and, going back to their barracks, resume the mournful course of their lives. Something heavy and desolate rests upon my heart when I contemplate these strongly-built and dark-complexioned men, the very image of corporeal strength and moral firmness, seated upon the ground, their legs bent under them, their eyes stupidly fixed on vacancy, their pipes in their mouths, without uttering a word or executing a movement, equally destitute of thoughts or feelings, and when I think that from their childhood to their old age not one day has been or will be better filled up than another.

Travelers, historians and philosophers have sought for an explanation of the strange torpor of the Oriental mind in the narcotic influence of tobacco and opium; but I am rather inclined to consider the effects of those two plants as a mitigation to the utter tedium which such a life must necessarily inspire even in the least gifted of human creatures.

The real, the only reason for the total inaction of the Oriental people is the want of excitement; thus the use of tobacco, of opium, and perhaps of coffee, taking from them the consciousness of the slowly passing time and of the unvarying monotony of their existence, preserves them from the despair to which, but for this, they would be victims.

The observation of his religious duties is another source of relief for the wearied Mussulman. Five times a day he stands upon his legs, deposits his pipe in a corner, washes his feet, his hands, his arms, his face, neck and head, previous to kneeling down. He turns his face toward Mecca, and repeats the sacred formula. They do not pray as we do, since their creed as to the predestination of all human affairs prevents them from entertaining any confidence in the effect of supplications. Their orisons are a series of exclamations concerning the Divine attributes, and the perfections of the Prophet, accompanied by the repetition of some verses of the Koran, as if they wished to let God and His Prophet know that the immortal Book is not forgotten by the faithful. Nor is this all; the Ramazan, the Mohammedan Lent, is a cruel period in every Mussulman's life, and at the end of it the attenuated faster must return with a new zest to his ordinary fare, and experience a delightful feeling of relief in the coarse routine of his stupid existence. During that cruel Ramazan (one month) every Mussulman fasts from the rising to the setting of the sun, and when Ramazan happens to fall in the Summer, as it does now, not a man, after his tenth year—let him be in good or in bad health, a working or a sedentary man—dares to eat a single morsel or drink a drop of water during sixteen or seventeen hours. What can they do to help themselves? Sleep during the whole day; and so they do—getting up when the sun is set, and filling their stomachs as much as they can during the hours of night. I know several individuals so afraid of enduring the torturing pangs of sixteen hours' continuous hunger, that they are never satisfied with the precautions taken against these, and as long as darkness endures, go back and back again to their victuals, as the besieged goes round his fortifications to assure himself that they are in good order and well defended. As soon, however, as the sun has risen in the East, every faithful Mussulman ties his hand round his waist, and remains in the most complete immobility till it is night again, not daring to move or speak for fear of awakening his sleeping appetite. Only think how the inhabitants of the agricultural districts accomplish their daily and most necessary labors, when Ramazan happens to fall in the reaping season. The corn gets dry upon its ears and falls upon the parched soil; the silk-worms perish for want of care; the vines are not pruned, everything goes into decay, because Mohammed, in his desire to put a stop to the greediness of his followers, forgot the necessities of life.

But, as I said, the Ramazan breaks the monotony of the Turk's existence, and the first morsel of *Kebab* (roasted mutton) they put in their mouths by day-light on the Beiram's day, after the fast of one month, is a source of unalloyed joy. For some days after the close of the Ramazan, a smile plays upon the fine features of every Mussulman, and they seem to forget for awhile the heavy weight of their weary and aimless life. CHRISTINE TRIVULZIO DI BELGIOIOSO.

GERMANY.

I.

REVOLUTION AND COUNTER-REVOLUTION.

The first act of the revolutionary drama on the Continent of Europe has closed. The "powers that were" before the hurricane of 1848, are again "the powers that be," and the more or less popular rulers of a day provisional governors, triumvirs, dictators, with their tail of representatives, civil commissioners, military commissioners, prefects, judges, generals, officers and soldiers, are thrown upon foreign shores, and "transported beyond the seas" to England or America, there to form new governments "*in partibus infidelium*," European committees, central committees, national committees, and to announce their advent with proclamations quite as solemn as those of any less imaginary potentates.

A more signal defeat than that undergone by the continental revolutionary party—or rather parties—upon all points of the line of battle, cannot be imagined. But what of that? Has not the struggle of the British middle classes for their social and political supremacy embraced forty-eight, that of the French middle classes forty years of unexampled struggles? And was their triumph ever nearer than at the very moment when restored monarchy thought itself more firmly settled than ever? The times of that superstition which attributed revolutions to the ill-will of a few agitators, have long passed away. Every one knows now-a-days, that wherever there is a revolutionary convulsion, there must be some social want in the background, which is prevented by outworn institutions from satisfying itself. The want may not yet be felt as strongly, as generally, as might insure immediate success, but every attempt at forcible repression will only bring it forth stronger and stronger, until it bursts its fetters. If, then, we have been beaten, we have nothing else to do but to begin again from the beginning. And fortunately, the probably very short interval of rest which is allowed us between the close of the first and the beginning of the second act of the movement, gives us time for a very necessary piece of work: the study of the causes that necessitated both the late outbreak, and its defeat; causes that are not to be sought for in the accidental efforts, talents, faults, errors or treacheries of some of the leaders, but in the general social state and conditions of existence of each of the convulsed nations. That the sudden movements of February and March, 1848, were not the work of single individuals, but spontaneous, irresistible manifestations of national wants and necessities, more or less clearly understood, but very distinctly felt by numerous classes in every country, is a fact recognized every where; but when you inquire into the causes of the counter-revolutionary successes, there you are met on every hand with the ready reply that it was Mr. This or Citizen That, who "betrayed" the people. Which reply may be very true, or not, according to circumstances, but under no circumstances does it explain anything—not even show how it came to pass that the "people" allowed themselves to be thus betrayed. And what a poor chance stands a political party whose entire stock in trade consists in a knowledge of the solitary fact, that Citizen So-and-so is not to be trusted.

The inquiry into, and the exposition of, the causes both of the revolutionary convulsion and its suppression, are, besides, of paramount importance in a historical point of view. All these petty personal quarrels and recriminations—all these contradictory assertions, that it was Marrast, or Ledru Rollin, or Louis Blanc, or any other member of the Provisional Government, or the whole of them, that steered the revolution amidst the rocks upon which it foundered—of what interest can they be, what light can they afford to the American or Englishman, who observed all these various movements from a distance too great to allow of his distinguishing any of the details of operations? No man in his senses will ever believe that eleven men, mostly of very indifferent capacity, either for good or evil, were able in three months to ruin a nation of thirty-six millions, unless those thirty-six millions saw as little of their way before them as the eleven did. But how it came to pass, that these thirty-six millions were at once called upon to decide for themselves which way to go, although partly groping in dim twilight, and how then they got lost and their old leaders were for a moment allowed to return to their leadership, that is just the question.

If, then, we try to lay before the readers of *The Tribune* the causes which, while they necessitated the German Revolution of 1848, led quite as inevitably to its momentary repression in 1849 and '50, we shall not be expected to give a complete history of the events as they passed in that country. Later events, and the judgment of coming generations, will decide what portion of that confused mass of seemingly accidental, incoherent and incongruous facts is to form a part of the world's history. The time for such a task has not yet arrived; we must confine ourselves to the limits of the possible, and be satisfied, if we can find rational causes, based upon undeniable facts, to explain the chief events, the principal vicissitudes of that movement, and to give us a clue as to the direction which the next and perhaps not very distant outbreak will impart to the German people.

And firstly, what was the state of Germany at the outbreak of the revolution?

The composition of the different classes of the people which form the groundwork of every political organization was, in Germany, more complicated than in any other country. While in England and France feudalism was entirely destroyed, or at least reduced, as in the former country, to a few insignificant forms, by a powerful and wealthy middle class, concentrated in large towns, and particularly in the Capital, the feudal nobility in Germany had retained a great portion of their ancient privileges. The feudal system of tenure was prevalent almost everywhere. The Lords of the Land had even retained the jurisdiction over their tenants. Deprived of their political privileges, of the right to control the Princes, they had preserved almost all their mediæval supremacy over the peasantry of their demesnes, as well as their exemption from taxes. Feudalism was more flourishing in some localities than in others, but nowhere except on the left bank of the Rhine was it entirely destroyed. This feudal nobility, then extremely numerous and partly very wealthy, was considered, officially, the first "Order" in the country. It furnished the higher Government officials, it almost exclusively officered the army.

The *Bourgeoisie* of Germany was by far not as wealthy and concentrated as that of France or England. The ancient manufactures of Germany had been destroyed by the introduction of steam, and by the rapidly extending supremacy of English manufactures; the more modern manufactures, started under the Napoleonic continental system, established in other parts of the country, did not compensate for the loss of the old ones, nor suffice to create a manufacturing interest strong enough to force its wants upon the notice of Governments jealous of every extension of non-noble wealth and power. If France carried her silk manufactures victorious through fifty years of revolutions and wars, Germany, during the same time, all but lost her ancient linen trade. The manufacturing districts, besides, were few and far between; situated far inland, and using, mostly, foreign, Dutch or Belgian ports for their imports and exports, they had little or no interest in common with the large seaport-towns on the North Sea and the Baltic; they were, above all, unable to create large manufacturing and trading centers, such as Paris and Lyons, London and Manchester. The causes of this backwardness of German manufactures were manifold, but, two will suffice to account for it: the unfavorable geographical situation of the country, at a distance from the Atlantic, which had become the great highway for the world's trade, and the continuous wars in which Germany was involved, and which were fought on her soil, from the sixteenth century to the present day. It was this want of numbers, and particularly of anything like concentrated numbers, which prevented the German Middle Classes from attaining that political supremacy which the English *bourgeois* has enjoyed ever since 1688, and which the French conquered in 1789. And yet, ever since 1815, the wealth, and with the wealth, the political importance of the Middle Class in Germany, was continually growing. Governments were, although reluctantly, compelled to bow at least to its more immediate material interests. It may even be truly said, that from 1815 to 1830, and from 1832 to 1840, every particle of political influence, which, having been allowed to the middle class in the Constitutions of the smaller States, was again wrested from them during the above two periods of political reaction—that every such particle was compensated for by some more practical advantage allowed to them. Every political defeat of the middle class drew after it a victory on the field of commercial legislation. And, certainly, the Prussian Protective Tariff of 1818, and the formation of the *Zollverein*, were worth a good deal more to the traders and manufacturers of Germany than the equivocal right of expressing, in the chambers of some diminutive dukedom, their want of confidence in ministers who laughed at their votes. Thus, with growing wealth and extending trade, the *Bourgeoisie* soon arrived at a stage where it found the development of its most important interests checked by the political constitution of the country—by its random division among thirty-six princes with conflicting tendencies and caprices; by the feudal fetters upon agriculture and the trade connected with it; by the prying superintendence to which an ignorant and presumptuous bureaucracy subjected all its transactions. At the same time, the extension and consolidation of the *Zollverein*, the general introduction of steam communication, the growing competition in the home trade, brought the commercial classes of the different States and Provinces closer together, equalized their interests, centralized their strength. The natural consequence was the passing of the whole mass of them into the camp of the Liberal Opposition, and the gaining of the first serious struggle of the German Middle Class for political power. This change may be dated from 1840, from the moment when the *Bourgeoisie* of Prussia assumed the lead of the Middle Class movement of Germany. We shall hereafter revert to this Liberal Opposition movement of 1840–47.

The great mass of the nation, which neither belonged to the nobility nor to the bourgeoisie, consisted, in the towns, of the small trading and shopkeeping class and the working people, and in the country, of the peasantry.

The small trading and shopkeeping class is exceedingly numerous in Germany, in consequence of the stinted development which the large capitalists and manufacturers, as a class, have had in that country. In the larger towns it forms almost the majority of the inhabitants; in the smaller ones it entirely predominates, from the absence of wealthier competitors for influence. This class, a most important one in every modern body politic, and in all modern revolutions, is still more important in Germany, where during the recent struggles it generally played the decisive part. Its intermediate position between the class of larger capitalists, traders and manufacturers, the bourgeoisie, properly so called, and the proletarian or industrial class, determines its character. Aspiring to the position of the first, the least adverse turn of fortune hurls the individuals of this class down into the ranks of the second. In monarchical and feudal countries the custom of the court and aristocracy becomes necessary to its existence; the loss of this custom might ruin a great part of it. In the smaller towns, a military garrison, a county government, a court of law with its followers, form very often the base of its prosperity; withdraw these and down go the shopkeepers, the tailors, the shoemakers, the joiners. Thus, eternally tossed about between the hope of entering the ranks of the wealthier class, and the fear of being reduced to the state of proletarians or even paupers; between the hope of promoting their interests by conquering a share in the direction of public affairs, and the dread of rousing, by ill-timed opposition, the ire of a Government which disposes of their very existence, because it has the power of removing their best customers; possessed of small means, the insecurity of the possession of which is in the inverse ratio of the amount; this class is extremely vacillating in its views. Humble and crouchingly submissive under a powerful feudal or monarchical government, it turns to the side of Liberalism when the middle class is in the ascendent; it becomes seized with violent Democratic fits as soon as the middle class has secured its own supremacy, but falls back into the abject despondency of fear as soon as the class below itself, the proletarians, attempt an independent movement. We shall, by and by, see this class, in Germany, pass alternately from one of these stages to the other.

The working class in Germany is, in its social and political development, as far behind that of England and France as the German Bourgeoisie is behind the Bourgeoisie of those countries. Like master, like man. The evolution of the conditions of existence for a numerous, strong, concentrated and intelligent proletarian class, goes hand in hand with the development of the conditions of existence for a numerous, wealthy, concentrated and powerful middle class. The working class movement itself never is independent, never is of an exclusively proletarian character, until all the different factions of the middle class, and particularly its most progressive faction, the large manufacturers, have conquered political power and remodeled the State according to their wants. It is then that the inevitable conflict between the employée and the employed becomes imminent and cannot be adjourned any longer; that the working class can no longer be put off with delusive hopes and promises never to be realized; that the great problem of the nineteenth century, the abolition of the proletariat, is at last brought forward fairly and in its proper light. Now, in Germany, the mass of the working class were employed, not by those modern manufacturing lords of which Great Britain furnishes such splendid specimens, but by small tradesmen whose entire manufacturing system is a mere relic of the middle ages. And as there is an enormous difference between the great cotton lord and the petty cobler or master tailor, so there is a corresponding distance from the wide-awake factory-operative of modern manufacturing Babylons to the bashful journeyman tailor or cabinet-maker of a small country town, who lives in circumstances and works after a plan very little different from those of the like sort of men some five hundred years ago. This general absence of modern conditions of life, of modern modes of industrial production, of course was accompanied by a pretty equally general absence of modern ideas, and it is therefore not to be wondered at if, at the outbreak of the revolution, a large part of the working classes should cry out for the immediate reestablishment of guilds and mediæval privileged trades' corporations. Yet, from the manufacturing districts, where the modern system of production predominated, and in consequence of the facilities of intercommunication and mental development afforded by the migratory life of a large number of the workingmen, a strong nucleus formed itself whose ideas about the emancipation of their class were far clearer and more in accordance with existing facts and historical necessities; but they were a mere minority. If the active movement of the middle classes may be dated from 1840, that of the working class commences its advent by the insurrections of the Silesian and Bohemian factory operatives in 1844, and we shall soon have occasion to pass in review the different stages through which this movement passed.

Lastly, there was the great class of the small farmers, the peasantry, which, with its appendix of farm-laborers, constitutes a considerable majority of the entire nation. But this class again subdivided itself into different fractions. There were, firstly, the more wealthy farmers, what is called in Germany *Gross* and *Mittel-Bauern*, proprietors of more or less extensive farms, and each of them commanding the services of several agricultural laborers. This class, placed between the large untaxed feudal land-owners and the smaller peasantry and farm-laborers, for obvious reasons found in an alliance with the anti-feudal middle class of the towns its most natural political course. Then there were, secondly, the small freeholders, predominating in the Rhine country, where feudalism had succumbed before the mighty strokes of the great French Revolution. Similar independent small freeholders also existed here and there in other provinces, where they had succeeded in buying off the feudal charges formerly due upon their lands. This class, however, was a class of freeholders by name only, their property being generally mortgaged to such an extent, and under such onerous conditions, that not the peasant, but the usurer who had advanced the money, was the real landowner. Thirdly, the feudal tenants, who could not be easily turned out of their holdings, but who had to pay a perpetual rent, or to perform in perpetuity a certain amount of labor in favor of the lord of the manor. Lastly, the agricultural laborers, whose condition, in many large farming concerns, was exactly that of the same class in England, and who, in all cases, lived and died poor, ill-fed, and the slaves of their employers. These three latter classes of the agricultural population, the small freeholders, the feudal tenants, and the agricultural laborers, never troubled their heads much about politics before the revolution, but it is evident that this event must have opened to them a new career, full of brilliant prospects. To every one of them the revolution offered advantages, and the movement once fairly engaged in, it was to be expected that, each in their turn, they would join it. But at the same time it is quite as evident, and equally borne out by the history of all modern countries, that the agricultural population, in consequence of its dispersion over a great space, and of the difficulty of bringing about an agreement among any considerable portion of it, never can attempt a successful independent movement; they require the initiatory impulse of the more concentrated, more enlightened, more easily moved people of the towns.

The preceding short sketch of the most important of the classes, which in their aggregate formed the German nation at the outbreak of the recent movements, will already be sufficient to explain a great part of the incoherence, incongruence and apparent contradiction which prevailed in that movement. When interests so varied, so conflicting, so strangely crossing each other, are brought into violent collision; when these contending interests in every district, every province are mixed in different proportions; when, above all, there is no great center in the country, no London, no Paris, the decisions of which, by their weight, may supersede the necessity of fighting out the same quarrel over and over again in every single locality; what else is to be expected but that the contest will dissolve itself into a mass of unconnected struggles, in which an enormous quantity of blood, energy and capital is spent, but which, for all that remain without any decisive results?

The political dismemberment of Germany into three dozen of more or less important principalities is equally explained by this confusion and multiplicity of the elements which compose the nation, and which again vary in every locality. Where there are no common interests there can be no unity of purpose, much less of action. The German Confederation, it is true, was declared everlastingly indissoluble; yet the Confederation and its organ, the Diet, never represented German unity. The very highest pitch to which centralization was ever carried in German was the establishment of the *Zollverein*; by this the States on the North Sea were also forced into a Customs-Union of their own, Austria remaining wrapped up in her separate prohibitive tariff. Germany had the satisfaction to be, for all practical purposes, divided between three independent powers only, instead of between thirty-six. Of course, the paramount supremacy of the Russian Czar, as established in 1814, underwent no change on this account.

Having drawn these preliminary conclusions from our premises, we shall see, in our next, how the aforesaid various classes of the German people were set into movement one after the other, and what character this movement assumed on the outbreak of the French Revolution of 1848. KARL MARX.

London, September, 1851.

LETTERS ON HUNGARY.....No. IX.

BY MR. BRACE.

To the Editors of The New-York Tribune:

INNER HUNGARY, MAY, 1851.

After a long drive over the Puszta in a genuine Hungarian "turn out," i. e. wicker wagon, and four horses abreast, gently attached to the vehicle by small cords, we reached a gentleman's estate, in the prairie near the upper Theiss. Despite our rough-looking horses, and rather frail harness, we had rattled over the plain at a most inspiriting pace, and "came in" at the house in very good season. We were welcomed as if old acquaintances, though a visit from an American in that retired spot must have been a most unexpected event. The table was soon set with the choicest Hungarian dishes, and we spent together a pleasant evening. At the end we were shown into a large apartment, which seemed to be furnished with several beds for guests who might arrive, and left to sleep away soundly our day's fatigue. It was rather characteristic of Hungarian manners, that the last thing I saw before going to sleep of my companion, who had come with me, was a long pipe, protruding from the bed-clothes, and the first thing, which met my eye in the morning, was a cloud of smoke, gently ascending from the same pile of blankets and pillows.

As soon as possible, after the Hungarian breakfast—a cup of coffee and some bits of toast—I sallied out to see the grounds and the farm. But first, your readers may be interested to know something of the house itself. Like all the houses of the Hungarians, of gentle and simple, it has only one story, though that is high and airy. The main apartment, where the family dine and sit mostly, stretches through the house from front to rear, and is a very spacious, cool room for their hot summers. It opens in front on a portico, under which are seats for the smokers, and on the other side the windows lead out to a grassy bank, where are one or two walks, which conduct to a knoll overlooking the wide plain of the Theiss. The other apartments of the house are arranged on each side of a long corridor, running the whole length of the building.

One must confess that the whole Hungarian nation are widely behind the rest of Europe in practical improvements. Their houses especially show it—cool and pleasant enough for the Summer, but with scarcely any of those little conveniences that make up our idea of *comfort*. Rich furniture often in the drawing rooms—and the kitchen in a neighboring out-house—or in a little dark hole in the house, with the smoke curling up, through an aperture in the roof. Baths, or gas-lighting, or private or separate chambers, are almost unknown in even the best houses of the inland towns. And the inns, in everything which can be called convenience, throughout interior Hungary, are, we may fairly say, nearly the worst in the world. The usual style is, a low, white-washed structure, built around three sides of a barn-yard, in the midst of which is commonly a reeking pool. The rooms are seldom clean, and the common comforts of a hotel are utterly absent. I do not mean that any traveler, furnished with letters of introduction as I was, will ever find any inconvenience from all this. For, such generous, open hospitality as the Hungarians show, is to be seen in no land, and would make the most fastidious person entirely contented. I mention this merely to show in what respects the country is as yet behindhand. The fault is not, however, in the character of the nation. Give them a good government, and free contact with the world, for a half-dozen years, and they would equal any nation in Europe in their practical progress. As it is, their chief city, Pesth, will compare favorably with any capital, in this respect.

As the gentleman whom I was visiting was a large farmer, his house formed a kind of center to a collection of Bauer-cabins on every side, belonging to his workmen. These, together with his out-houses, were well separated from his own grounds, and screened by a large hedge of lilacs and acacias. We went out, first, in our ramble to his barns and cattle-yards. They were not by any means as extensive as one would expect from the size of the farm—some 500 acres—around the house, with an indefinite extent into the Puszta beside. However, it appears the cattle are almost entirely kept on the Puszta in the Summer, and only brought in to be sold or killed in the Fall. The hay and grain, too, are very much stacked in the open air. These barns which I saw were all made of mud-blocks and whitewashed, with roofs thatched with reeds, and generally, like the best of our own, built around the three sides of a yard.

There were but few of the cattle or animals in the yards, though this gentleman has some 500 head of cattle, half as many of horse, 1,500 sheep, 800 swine, and other things, in a real patriarchal style. What there were there, however, were fine-looking animals. If any of our "fancy farmers" would like an *ideal* of a cow, a cow such as nature must have intended it, he ought to go to Hungary for it.

Imagine a tall, powerful animal, some two hands higher than our cows, with a long, straight back, a heavy dew-lap, the color pure white, or sometimes slightly mingled with gray, a head raised proudly in the air and nostrils snuffing the breeze, and a bright black eye; add to this horns some three feet long, curving directly back like a roe-buck's, and a step not at all like the waddling gait of our cows, but erect and light as a stag's, and you have as beautiful-appearing an animal as one of ten sees among the tame breeds.

The only trouble we should have with such cows in our country would be the destruction they would work to all kinds of hedges and fences. However, seen in herds of five hundred or a thousand, on the Hungarian Puszta, stepping proudly over the meadows, they do make a most striking appearance. Their beef is very good, equal to the English, though they do not yield by any means as much milk as the smaller and better-fed breeds.

The sheep and hogs of the farm were nearly all, at this season, on the Puszta. Those I saw then of the hogs were a small legged, brown-colored, breed, not large in body, but very fat generally. The genuine Hungarian breed, or at least, the one most common, is a parti-colored animal, covered with a short, curled hair, as well as bristles—very tough, they say, to the climate, and fatting well on the prairies.

In looking around in the barn-yards, I noticed a great quantity of small, square pieces of dry dung, arranged in rows. I supposed of course it was intended for manure, but happened to ask some question about it, and learned that this was *for fuel!* It brought up at once another of the thousand tokens I meet with all the while of the Oriental and nomadic origin of this people. Who has forgotten what travelers tells us of the *dung-fuel* of the Tartars on the steppes of Western Asia, or of the Arabs of the deserts?

While returning back to the house my friend said he would show me one of the Hungarian *granaries*. Accordingly we stopped at a little spot well covered with branches of dead trees. One of the Bauer, at the order of the gentleman, removed these, then some boards, then shoveled out some loose dirt, and there was disclosed a hole, about the size of a man, leading down to a cave under ground. This seemed to be about six feet high, as many broad, and perhaps ten feet long, and is used to store the wheat for winter. It is made with a curved picking instrument which they have, and the top is carefully rounded. The whole is rendered dry and hard by burning it out, after which dry straw is strown within it. The wheat stored in these by the Bauer will sometimes last twenty years.—The great advantage is in the saving of building material, as wood and stone are so difficult to get here.

I could not believe they could prevent the dampness from oozing in, after some of their long rains. My friend, however, seemed to think them excellent. One of the gentlemen of the party on the other hand, called them "humbugs," and thought that more grain was lost than saved by them. They say that the Russians acquired a preternatural sagacity in detecting these underground granaries, among the peasantry, in their campaign here, in 1849.

After this walk about the grounds, we all mounted one of the large wicker wagons, and rode out to see the "farm." The first part of the ride, was among the low white-washed cottages of the peasants, each with its patch of melons and vines about it. Beyond these stretched out the wide fields belonging to this estate.

The principal crops were Indian Corn and Wheat, and as there were no fences, only deep ditches to separate the fields from one another or from the road, the green surface of rich grain seemed to reach away even to the very horizon. They tell me the "corn" is only used in this part for feed of cattle and swine, but in the South, as I afterwards found, among the Wallachs and Croats, it is one of the great articles of diet. These prairie fields all look very rich, and from their accounts must almost equal our celebrated "Western Bottoms." They speak of Wheat grown for ten years in the same fields, without change of crops or new manuring.

The tax laid by the Austrian Government on the Hungarian wheat—*raised*, not exported—is about 25 per cent. on its value, at the rate of 50*c. per kiebel*. The export of wheat from Hungary during these last few years has been fully two millions and a half of *centner*, or some 300,000,000 lbs. per annum. Of Indian corn there is scarcely any amount of consequence exported, but the quantity raised must be immense. I have traveled for days through what seemed one endless field of green, rich-looking corn.

If the day ever comes in which Hungary is an Independent State, it is from these inexhaustible plains that will come the supplies of grain for manufacturing Europe. There would be no difficulty. Large rivers, railroads connecting with Germany and Italy, a seaport on the Adriatic, they need nothing more, except enterprise. Under American energy, or with a free government of their own, they would be exporting to every country of Europe.

Beside the crops above mentioned, I could see mingled among them everywhere the large fields, yellow with the flower of the *rape plant*, planted for the sake of its seed and the rape-oil. This is already an important branch of agriculture and manufacture in Hungary. Oil-presses have been erected everywhere, and the export of the seed and oil in the years before the Revolution, amounted to nearly thirty millions of pounds per annum. It can be sown as late as the middle of June, and is reaped from the middle of August, on to the beginning of October.

Here, near the Theiss, as well as in other parts of Hungary, I noticed the clover *Lucerne* in great abundance. It seems to have altogether taken the place of the red clover for feed, and, they say, does much better in the dry summers. Most of the farmers I have talked with say they can cut it *four* times a year, using the first crop for hay, and the last for fresh fodder. I was surprised there, as I have been everywhere in Hungary, to see the marked resemblance in fruits and products to our Middle States. The peach, cherry, currant, apple and melon in the gardens; the long fields of oats, wheat, tobacco and Indian corn, with the buckwheat upon the hills; and the beans, peas and cucumbers about the houses, just as one might see in riding in the interior of New-York, or in the best counties of Pennsylvania. It all indicates—what indeed is the fact—a climate much resembling our own, with like extremes of heat and cold.

The only product which we do not have in America in such abundance, and which in Hungary stretches out in long, green rows over the fields, and freshens the hill-sides and bare mountain-tops with its rich verdure, is the *vine*. The glory of Hungary in the natural world, its choicest and most bountiful product, are the varieties of grapes. They cover the whole land, and the lowest Bauer has his vineyard. And in no country of Europe are such pure, delicious wines made as here. There is scarcely any wine of note in Europe but that is drugged, or considerably strengthened by alcohol. This is unknown in Hungary, and even the best *Tokay*—the most rare and costly wine in the country—is a pure juice of the grape. Water throughout the Hungarian plain is bad and extremely hard to get, so that I may safely say more wine is drank through the majority of the population than water. I have heard soldiers speak of frequently being obliged, in the campaign of '48 and '49, to *boil their beef in wine*, as no water was to be procured.

The common light wine of the country, far superior to any similar wine in Germany or France, sells at about 3 kreutzers (2 *cents*) a bottle. The number of varieties made here is astonishingly great, amounting to nearly 30 from Hungary alone—and they themselves varying very considerably in taste and strength.

The *Tokay*—well known by name in most other countries—is considered the choicest of these. It is made from a grape growing on a hill at Tokay, near the Upper Theiss, and is prepared, I understand, by gathering the very ripest of the grapes, left on the vines till they seem on the very verge of rotting, then depositing them in a large vessel with a strainer, and leaving them to press out their own juice. Of course, this first extract amounts to but very little; it is collected, however, with the greatest care, and forms the genuine "extract" of Tokay, a thick, pulpy, golden-colored wine, sweet in taste—thought by the knowing in such matters throughout eastern Europe to be the best wine made in the world. It is exceedingly expensive, even in Hungary.—After this is extracted, old wine is poured over the grapes, and another extract of Tokay is made, also a sweet wine, and very much valued. The third extract is made by mingling in many grapes not so fully ripe or so carefully selected, but still from the peculiar kind which grows on the ridge of the Carpathians in that district.—The Tokay is seldom drank by the Hungarians freely, but is brought forth on especial occasions, when the Hungarian would express his hospitality, and is taken in small glasses at the end of the meal, as a rarity or cordial. It is much valued, too, by the physicians for its peculiar sanative properties. Of the many other kinds of wine in Hungary, the most celebrated are the *Mesner*, considered nearly equal to the Tokay, the *Erlau* red wine, the *Ofen* and the *Somlau*, with several other wines on the right bank of the Danube. There is a "Champagne" made here too, though not equal to the French it is said. It is curious that this peculiar fertility of Hungary in wines was known even in the times of the Roman Empire, for it is said that in the year 276, a Roman Emperor gave orders for the cultivating of one of the Sirmian wine-hills, in the southwestern part of Hungary, for the sake of the very remarkable wine produced there. The sourest and poorest kinds of grapes seem to grow generally on the plains, the better and richer on the side-hills. The annual yield of wine in Hungary, is reckoned, by good statistical writers, at about twenty-eight millions of *eimer*, the *eimer* holding rather more than twelve gallons. Yet, despite this immense production, despite the quality of the wines being, beyond question, the purest and best in Europe, the export to foreign countries has always been very slight indeed.

The Tokay is mostly bought up by Jews, who carry it over the mountains to Poland and Russia, whence it finds its way to Prussia and Germany.

There is an unimportant trade, too, in this and other wines to Austria, by the Danube—but "the paternal legislation" of Vienna has always arranged it so that Hungarian wines could only be exported under a duty, which would utterly ruin the trade—and the consequence has been that the wines have mostly been consumed in the country. Since Hungary has been "absorbed" into Austria, the taxes on the growing of wines, as I shall show hereafter, have equally operated to check the whole production.

It is thought by some travelers that the best Hungarian wines will not bear exportation over the sea. The Hungarians all claim, however, that if properly prepared they can be sent any distance without the least injury. I have no question that under a good government, this product of Hungary would be the most important and profitable export, and that the Hungarian hills and mountain sides would be as much sought by wine merchants for rare and good wines, as are those of Southern France or Spain.

I hold it a fortunate thing for a country, where it produces a native wine. Whatever may be the explanation, I think no man, who has traveled in wine-producing countries, can doubt the fact, that drunkenness is much less common in those lands than in regions where the vine is not raised. With all its cheap and overflowing produce of wines, I never saw all the time I was in Hungary a single drunken man. I never witnessed, at the most jovial tables, the least "hard drinking." As I have traveled through the land, I have often wondered why this beautiful product was denied to America.

The climate of the two countries appears almost precisely the same. I inquired repeatedly about the time of Spring, the average cold, the amount of snow, &c., and all the answers seemed to show a climate remarkably resembling our own. There are the same extremes, the same sudden changes of temperature, the same